

## Cell 4-11-4

By Edwin L. Sabin

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I am writing this in installments, with a burnt match upon the paste board cases which each day inclose my charlotte-russe. Let me explain that our prison is under the protection of the Young Ladies' Visiting association, and whereas in most prisons the inmates are supposed to get their deserts, here we really do.

My dessert, served three times a day, is charlotte-russe. My neighbors on the tier above, a convicted murderer, has ice cream. However, until the exact status of my offense is decided upon I shall have to be content with charlotte-russe, vanilla flavoring. Anyway, I need the paste board.

My location is tier 4, row 11, cell 44. I believe that this is the insane ward, for I have been told that I am charged with being a dangerous golf fanatic. Whether or not I am justly accused I leave the public to judge.

When I joined the Hole-High Golf club I had no thought that I ever should be charged with menacing the safety of society. I paid my dues promptly, bought all the clubs that our professional could supply, patronized the caddies liberally, and, finding that my play was interfering with my business, in the interest of my clients gave up my law practice in favor of the golf practice.

In short, I endeavored to be content.

Fortunately, golf did not a while intrude upon my domestic relations. After moving out upon the links (which I did soon after I joined the club), my wife and I continued to live very happily with what income she had from a timely legacy. Had I not been for the legacy we might have suffered considerable inconvenience because of my withdrawal from office work.

Of more importance, even, than the legacy was the fact that we were well



Trying to Whack the Little Brass Balls.

adapted to each other. Most wives would have objected to their husband's rising in the night, and with an umbrella trying to whack the little brass balls off the tops of the bedposts, or with a spoon absent-mindedly lofting a soft-boiled egg across the breakfast table, or with his cane clipping all the tulip buds along either side of the garden walk. But not my wife! Herself a devotee of ping-pong she understood. We agreed to occupy separate sleeping apartments, so as not to collide and wake each other up in the midst of our dreamland tourneys; but this is as far as any division went.

Our mutual sympathy was perfect. When I was not telling about my golf I was willing to hear her talk about her ping-pong; and when she was not talking about her ping-pong she was ready to listen to me tell about my golf. Ere she left in the morning early to attend her ping-pong parties she put me up a nice lunch, which I ate while upon the course; and in case she did not return for dinner at night, I did not mind, because usually I was so tired that I went right to bed. Even did she return, she was so tired that she went right to bed, too.

Thus, you see, we dwelt in happiness and sweet accord.

Eight months of this bliss, and a serpent glided into our Eden. His name was Jones—John Johnson Jones. He was a golfer and his wife was a ping-ponger—but of her I shall not speak, save to remark that for various reasons Mrs. S., my wife, would not so much as speak to her.

Jones dawned upon my horizon when he competed with me for the Duffer's cup and almost won it. Next he beat me in a match for the Consolation prize. Thenceforth at each bi-weekly tournament fortune threw us together, and we were constantly playing off ties or opposed in final rounds, and so on.

While I will not admit that I hated Jones, I will not deny that I considered him a villain—a mean villain! He was a villain because our club professional declared that he showed the best form of anybody who played over our links; he was a villain because he kept bearing off prizes which I had counted upon capturing myself; he

was a villain because he was so blamed popular and easy-going. His wife, moreover, was becoming the champion ping-ponger in the Ibsen Ping-Pong circle, to which my wife belonged.

I did not hate Jones; I hated merely the sight of him and the sound of his name.

The crisis came one evening in June, following upon the day of our regular annual introductory tournament. All winter long I had been practicing in our cottage parlor—the dining room being given up to ping-pong—with this single tournament in view. I was determined to beat Jones. And now my hopes had been dashed, for Jones had triumphed over me by four holes (owing to luck and technicalities upon which he insisted!).

This was to be a club evening, devoted to a program of music on the lawn and light refreshments on the veranda. And here let me digress briefly:

Anyone who plays golf, or who is acquainted with somebody who plays golf, knows what an intense person a golfer is. On or off the links, he is incessantly at his game. Day and night, in thought or in reality, he is making his strokes. He roams the house, "swinging," and he cannot walk abroad without beholding a landscape of tees and hazards. His calculating eye is ever alert and his arm is ever busy to "drive out" bric-a-brac and pebbles. Ah, it is fascinating to be a golfer, but it is hard on property and nerves.

So much understood, therefore, when I was sitting this evening in a chair upon the club veranda and saw before me and below me his bald head waiting like a positive challenge, the impulse was overmastering. He was comfortably placed upon the veranda steps listening to the music, and the top of his head was on a level with my feet. It was such a smooth, rounded, firm, bare surface, furnishing an ideal lie. In the middle was a tiny tuft of hair, supplying the ball!

I tried to turn my attention to the music. The orchestra was playing "The Wearing of the Green," a melody dear to every golfer. But I tried in vain—that enticing pate, with its little clump of hair, obtruded between the notes. My fingers uneasily clasped my cane. I giggled in my seat. I shut my eyes—no use.

The orchestra struck up "After the Ball," another golfing measure. I opened my eyes; there was the ivory knob, with its spot of black, still beckoning. I trembled, clenched my teeth—and yielded. The opportunity was too fine to be ignored.

I quietly arose, grasped my cane by the ferrule, took my stance, swung, and in another second the crook would have shaved off that lock of hair without so much as breaking the skin had not a bumptious neighbor seized my arm and violently wrenched away my cane. Then I was plinked in my chair, and amid a ridiculous outcry was accused of having essayed to assault Jones, my rival!

So, here I am, on a trumped-up charge, condemned to charlotte-russe, and getting completely out of practice.

I would esteem it a great favor if the person into whose hands this statement falls would find my wife, at the Ibsen Ping-Pong circle, and make her cognizant of what has become of me, and then drop in at the High-Hole Golf club and get me a copy of the last handicap list, paying particular notice to the scores of John Johnson Jones.

**China's Craving for Knowledge.** Foreign consuls in Chinese cities, missionaries in all parts of the Chinese empire, merchants in the Chinese ports, and travelers who study China agree in reporting a new hunger for knowledge—the kind of knowledge which has made the nations of the western world great and prosperous and strong. The Chinese are willing and eager to go to school to America and Europe, in a sense which was never before true of any large part of the population. There is a general recognition of the value and need of western training for the business of life.

The significance of this change is easily perceived, for it must result in a great quickening of the vital currents of national life, in a country of 400,000,000 inhabitants. It means more strength in war and better progress in the arts and industries of peace. It will make China more formidable to other great nations as a power and enrich the Chinese market for European and American products of possible rival, and it will also widen many kinds.

**Burglars Easily Traced.**

Lecoq, the detective, studying the rifled cottage, sneered. "An amateur did this," he said. "One of your neighbors, knowing that you are a fresh-air fiend and sleep on the beach, put through the job. But I'll land him before luncheon." During luncheon, the neighbor with his booty having been duly landed, Lecoq said: "About 45 per cent. of these small burglaries of—jargon me—cheap houses, are committed by amateurs, by neighbors. Such jobs are not worth a professional's while. An amateur's burglary—or bungling, rather—is easily told. In the case of this cottage of yours I knew I had an amateur to deal with because some real silver spoons and forks were left behind—a professional never leaves behind real silver. Also locked drawers were left locked—a professional breaks open locked drawers first of all. He knows they are likely to contain the house's best valuables. Also burnt matches lay about—a professional nowadays carries a vest pocket electric lamp—never matches."—*San Francisco City Star.*

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## County News

From Our Exchanges

## SWEET SPRINGS

A. J. Winders died at his home in Ralls county, Mo., on Saturday night Feb. 5, 1910. His son Supt J. C. Winders, of Sweet Springs Public School, was notified of his serious illness Saturday morning but did not get to his home until after his father's death. Mr. Winders sustained a stroke of paralysis the day before he died which was the immediate cause of his death, although he had been in poor health for several years.—Geo. P. Hedger of Spokane Wash., son of Dr. J. F. Hedger, formerly of Pettis county was here Friday of last week with his uncle C. W. Hedger, and family and on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, 1910 he was married to Miss Mary Ellen Duly of Hughesville. The couple immediately returned to the Northwest where they will make their home.—Herald.

## Life on Panama Canal

has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell of Lucama, N. C., "and I have had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles and prevent Typhoid. 50c Guaranteed by P. H. Franklin.

## GILLIAM

D. L. Dobbins sold last week his meat market to Deis Bros. Mr. Dobbins had been in business for fourteen months, and he ran a market that was a credit to the town. He kept a clean shop, and his dealings with the public were straight in every particular. We are sorry to lose him as a business man. He has not decided as to what business he will go into.—The gentleman from Lafayette county who purchased Joe B. Huffs farm some time ago closed the deal this week. Consideration \$10,710.—Globe.

## SLATER

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wood February 4th, a son.—Rustler.

The young society people of Glasgow enjoyed a dance at the opera house Tuesday night. The music was furnished by C. H. Tucker and Earl Guimble of Slater and their excellent performance added much to the pleasures of the evening.—A. L. Lucas had the misfortune to get his leg broken Tuesday in a friendly scuffle with Cecil Jones.—News.

## MIAMI

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lynn, at their home near Saline Point, Monday January 31, a son.—We are sorry to publish the notice this week of the determination of the Miami Ferry Co. to discontinue the delivery of freight from the Station. The notice does not come as a surprise, however since the loss of the ferry boat has deprived the company of its equipment. We have felt certain that the company would not put in another boat, for our observation has told us that too much of the business of the town has been directed to other channels in the past year or two.—News.

WANTED—Millinery apprentices at Mrs. E. M. Chaffee's. 2-25

## MALTA BEND

Frank Blackburn is fitting up a number of farmers with fine mule teams for their spring and summer work. Frank has the mules and can fit you out with a good team if you are needing them.—Miss Malinda Bruce and brother Will, and uncle Dave Brune from Hartsburg Mo., are here visiting W. W. Meinershagen and family. They left Wednesday for Blackburn to visit relatives.—Jack McRobert is making a survey of land in the lower bottom this week. There has been talk of throwing up a levee along the river and in order that this be done it is necessary for a survey to find out the number of acres of land that will be benefited by so doing, hence the survey.—Frank Meinershagen, of Kalona, Iowa is here on a visit to his brother W. W. Meinershagen and family.—O. Funk went to Waverly last Friday to visit his sister and then from that town he will go to his home in St. Louis.—News.

## BLACKBURN

Mrs. L. A. Blackburn recently sold two acres of land for \$475 to Ed Schlu. The land is in Lafayette county, north of Harmon Cook.—Miss Lura Lillard went to Marshall Saturday on business. She returned Monday morning having spent Sunday with her cousins the Misses McCormick.—H. J. Pelot has sold his grocery store and meat market to George M. y r. He will give possession about March 1st. Henry expects to move to the Hopkins farm and become a full-fledged farmer.—August Reith has built a shop just south of the livery barn and will do horse shoeing.—Francis Dedman has pneumonia and is quite sick.—Mrs. Daniel Bixler is reported to be still improving and we hope to see her out soon.—Record.

WANTED—Two good farmhands married and steady. Write or call on J. P. Fulkerson, Mt. Leonard, Mo.

## HOUSTONIAN

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY—W. R. Alexander heard a noise at the home of H. H. Nichols, while the latter gentleman and his wife were at church Monday evening, and on investigating heard some person trying to force open the back door of the house. The colonel continued to watch and listen, and in a few minutes saw the form of a man pass between him and the light of a base burner in the sitting room of the Nichols home.

While the colonel was bravely watching and listening, a coal skut blew for the back porch of Mr. Alexander's home and the Col. says that his heart came up into his throat and nearly choked him to death.

An investigation at the Nichols home showed that the intruders failed to effect an entrance.—Houstonian.

C. S. Urton will hold a closing out sale of his stock, farming implements, etc., at his place three miles north of Houston, on Monday, Feb. 21.—Claud, the young son of A. H. Killion and wife was kicked by a mule Saturday evening, the animal's hoof loosening one or two teeth and lacerating the cheek to such an extent as to necessitate the taking of several stitches to close the wound.—Houstonian.

MARTIN RENKEN of Mora, one of the prominent stockmen of Pettis county and a father of Herman Renken of near Houston, died at this home Saturday afternoon from injuries received in a fall from a wagon.

Funeral services were held at the German Lutheran church in

Sedalia Monday and interment in Crown Hill cemetery. To the bereaved family and relatives we extend sympathy.—Houstonian.

## Baby Hands

will get into mischief—often it means a burn or cut or scald. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment just as soon as the accident happens, and the pain will be relieved while the wound will heal quickly and nicely. A sure cure for sprains, Rheumatism and all pains.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

Our local fisherman have literally flooded the Glasgow market with fish of all sizes and kinds for the past ten days, and if this thing keeps up we will soon put the meat trust out of business. Jack Estes, one of our fishermen, informs us he caught over one thousand pounds last Friday and with prices ranging from 10c to 12 1/2c per pound, makes a fair days work.—Glasgow Missourian.

## Once Threw Eggs Away

T. E. Quisenberry, secretary-treasurer of the State Poultry board, said, referring to the recent theft of five dozen eggs from a house on University Avenue, that he once threw away eggs that his mother had given him to sell.

"On one occasion my mother gave me a basket of eggs to carry to town on a load of wheat," he said. "Rather than be humiliated and jeered at when seen with them I threw them against fence posts on the way to town. Although I am a young man now I can remember the time when I would peddle a basket of eggs up one side of the street and down the other before I could dispose of them. Even then I sold many at three cents a dozen."

"Today, the farmer who brings a basket of, big brown, fresh laid eggs to market is much sought after. The poultry business has been raised in the last few years from insignificance to one of the

## Women

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Mrs. Rena Hare, of Pierce, Fla., tried Cardui and afterward wrote: "I was a sufferer from all sorts of female trouble, had pain in my side, drawing pains in my legs, could not sleep, had shortness of breath. I suffered for years, until my husband insisted on my trying Cardui. The first bottle gave me relief and now I am almost well." Try Cardui. It will help you.

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leading industries of the state. The cattle ranches are decreasing in number and size. The cold storage and packing companies, however, are stationing depots all over the state, and the railroads are reaching the most remote. The time is not far distant when the hills of Southern Missouri land which is considered practically worthless today, will be utilized for poultry and dairying.—University Missourian.

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